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The Millheim Journal.

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CHRISTMAS DAY.

What's this hurry, what's this hurry,
All throughout the house to-day?
Everywhere a merry scurry,
Everywhere a sound of play,
Something, too's the matter, matter,
Out-of-doors as well as in,
For the bell goes clatter, clatter,
Every minute,—such a din!

Everbody winking, blinking,
In a queer, mysterious way;
What on earth can they be thinking,
What on earth can be to pay?
Bobby, peeping o'er the stairway,
Bursts into a little shout;
Kitty, too, is in a fair way,
Whereshe hides, to giggle out.

As the bell goes a clinga-linging
Every minute more and more,
And swift feet go springing, springing,
Through the hallway to the door.
Where a glimpse of box and packet,
And a little rustle, rustle,
Makes such signt and sound and racket—
Such a jolly bustle, bustle—
That the youngsters, in their places
Hiding slyly out of sight,
All at once show shining faces,
All at once scream with delight.

Go and ask them what's the matter,
What the fun outside and in—
What the meaning of the clatter,
What the bustle and the din.
Hear them, hear them laugh and shout then
All together hear them say,
"Why, what have you been about, then,
Not to know it's Christmas day?"

Nellie's Present.

It was near Christmas—only two days before the world' holiday and the show windows of all the village stores were gay with beautiful Christmas gifts. It was really worth one's while to stroll leisurely down the principal street and look at the pretty things so temptingly displayed, and dream of the joyous groups gathered in the many homes at Christmas tide.

So at least thought Mr. Wells Howard, a tall, fine-looking gentleman, who had health and wealth, and plenty of leisure, but no home. It was no fault of the good mothers of Mapleton, nor of their pretty daughters, that Mr. Howard had reached the ripe age of thirty five, and was still a boarder at one of the village hotels. Any one of them would have joyfully devoted herself to the task of making him a home, and helping him spend his ample fortune. However, this eccentric gentleman managed to dispose of pretty large sums in a way that pleased at least himself.

This morning he had walked half the length of the village street, when he came upon a picture which caused him to stop suddenly, and watch the pretty tableau which was before him.

Within the show window, surrounded by all kinds of bright, beautiful things, stood a large waxen doll with lovely blue eyes, and coral lips, and floating curls of bright golden hair. Outside, her little blue hands clasped in an ecstacy of delight, a little girl of eight years stood gazing at the dolly, exclaiming:

"Oh-h-h! You darling beauty!"

Mr. Howard glanced from one picture to the other. The same blue eyes and golden hair, only the lips of the living child were pinched and pale, and her dress was thin and scanty, and upon her poor little feet were only worn out gaiters and thin white stockings. She did not seem to mind the cold, for her whole heart was absorbed in admiration of the beautiful doll.

"Would you like the pretty doll for your own, little girl?" said a voice beside her, and poor little Nell started violently.

Looking up into the dark, kindly face, beaming upon her, then down upon her poor patched dress, and worn-out shoes—

"Oh, sir, it is too nice for such as I," she answered, looking around for a chance of escape, for quite a crowd of little people were now gathered around the fine window, admiring the lovely French doll.

"Come with me," he said, quietly taking hold of her arm, and leading her within the door.

"Miss," he said to the obsequious young lady who came forward, "be so good as to find a pair of scarlet stockings and mittens for this child, and a warm pair of gaiters, and put the large doll in the window into a box."

The girl obeyed, with wide-open eyes, bowing low as she gave him back the change for the bill which he put in her hand.

Little Nell came forward, with a pretty flush upon her pale cheeks, and he put out his hand, saying—

"I wish you a merry Christmas, little one, with your twin sister in the box!" and he placed the box in her hand.

Nellie caught the extended hand, and kissed it, while two warm tears fell upon it; but when she tried to thank him, he was gone.

It was not many minutes later, that little Nell carefully opened the door of the poor little room which she called home, her eyes sparkling and her cheeks glowing with happiness. In one corner of the room her father lay pale and hollow-eyed, upon a poor-looking couch, while near the window sat her mother busily engaged at a sewing machine. She stopped a moment as the door opened, and pressed her hand upon her side.

"See mamma! see, papa!" she exclaimed, holding up her scarlet mittens and the prettily clad foot. "And, oh, see!" and she opened the box and held up the beautiful doll with its delicate robes of silk and lace. "It is my very own!"

"Who? what!" gasped the poor mother, then burst into tears.

"Don't, mamma; don't cry. I'll tell you all about it. I haven't been naughty, indeed I have not.

"Oh, darling! I know it's all right. You never took what was not your own; but it carries me back to the happy Christmas in my dear old home," then glancing toward the sick man, she said, "Now, dear, I will listen."

Nellie told the story just as it occurred.

"It must have been Howard. It is just like him," said the sick man.

"But he doesn't know us," said Mrs. Lane.

"No; very few people do. We have been here so short a time," he answered.

"Please tell me about my grandpa, mamma. Is he alive now?" said Nellie.

"Tell her all," said the father. "I shall soon be gone, and it will not matter."

"I was working hard to get some shoes for these poor little feet for Christmas" said the mother tenderly. "Now I can rest for a few moments." Then she told her child the name of her grandpa, and of the pretty home which was his and of the dear mother—but here she broke quite down and sobbed bitterly.

"Why don't we go and see them if you love your mamma?" said Nellie, kissing her mother's tear-stained cheek.

"They will not let us come," said the sick man. "I stole your mother away from her happy home, and then I became a drunkard and broke her heart, but now I am going to die, and I hope you will all be happy once more."

"Hush, dear? do not talk so. You will live and get well, and who knows but we may yet be happy."

He shook his head. Nellie, who was stroking his thin white hand, said:

"Where is my grandpa? If he could see you now, papa, I am sure he would love you."

"No, Nellie. I dare not get well. I am a slave to drink; and it is everywhere to tempt me. Your grandpa lives in D——, only ten miles away. When I am gone, you must go to him and ask him to forgive me."

The day before Christmas had been unusually cold and frosty.

"God pity the poor this day," said good Mrs. Lathrop, as she looked down through her frosty windows into the icy street.

"It was a bitter cold night," said her husband from his arm-chair before the open fire. "They are trimming the church and lighting it. What a great fuss all because of custom."

"No, father, all because of Christ's love. I am so thankful that He came to earth, and taught us such precious lessons of love and forgiveness. I have been thinking of our Ellen, father," she added with a sort of half-smothered sob.

Just then a little rap was heard at the side door where a sheltered piazza kept out the storm. Mrs. Lathrop opened the door. A tiny child stood there, with great tearful eyes, on the lashes of which tears were frozen.

"Come in child, who are you, and what do you want?"

The child walked straight across the room to where the old man was sitting, peering around to see who the strange intruder could be.

"You are my grandpa," she said. "I am Ellen's little girl, and I want you to forgive mamma and papa and and me."

The old man grew very red in the face, then he rose and went to the window. Soon he began pacing the room, muttering to himself.

Mrs. Lathrop when she heard the child's words, clasped her in her arms, chafing the chilled limbs and sobbing.

"Ellen's child! my precious lamb and where is she, and how came you here?

Then in a few words, Nellie told the story. When she had learned who her grandpa was, and where he lived, the night before she resolved to come to him.

"I told Mrs. Morris, our nearest neighbor, that if mamma called for me she was to tell her not to worry about me, but papa is so very sick, I do not think she will."

"And did you walk all the way, child!" said the old lady.

"Oh, no; I got three or four long rides, but it took me most all day," she said.

"I think I will have John go down to Mapleton, to night," said Mr. Lathrop, coming up beside his wife. "The child's mother will grieve for her."

"And won't you please to forgive us?" said Nelly seizing his withered hand and pressing it to her cheek. "Papa said I was to ask after he was gone, but I came before."

"Yes, child; and may God forgive me!" he said catching her in his arms and straining her to his breast.

A few moments later, the blue eyes closed in a heavy slumber, from which the child did not waken till long after the sun had risen on Christmas morning.

Meanwhile Mapleton was in a buzz of excitement over Mr. Howard's strange freaks of benevolence.

"He ought to have a guardian appointed, hadn't he mamma?" said Belle Herman, one of the beauties of the village. "To think of giving that beautiful French doll to so poor a child. Why didn't he give her a new dress, or send her parents a barrel of potatoes?"

"He left that for us to do," said her mother. "Come Belle, I have heard a great deal of scolding over this affair, and I am tired of it. If we do not like what another gives let us give better ourselves. No one else, as I hear, has been near the new comers, though they are sick and in trouble",

Later, on Christmas day, some parties, either from benevolence or curiosity, called at the poor room which had been Nellie's room, but it was vacant.

"A man came in a big carriage last night and carried them all away this morning," said Mrs. Morris. "It is some of that child's doings, but how or what I don't know."

At the home of the Lathrops there was light and gladness, although the white hollow cheek of one of the company told that this was the last Christmas day that he would ever see upon earth.

"And now I can die content," he said. "You all forgive the great wrong I have done you Ellen and Nellie will be cared for, and I shall be beyond the reach of temptation."

There was such joy and thanksgiving in the heart of the poor old mother that her face was radiant. "For the dead's alive, the lost is found," she chanted in her inmost soul.

The penitent wanderer died before the New Year dawned, and they laid him away in his long last slumber and buried the memory of all his faults with him.

Ellen was again the loving happy daughter, and Nellie, with her darling "Angela," for this was the name she had given her beautiful doll, were inseparable companions. In all her hours of study or of play the smiling face of Angela beamed upon her, and the little lady was the safe confidant of all her childish secrets.

Two years had passed swiftly and happily by, and it was again Christmas Eve, and the church at D—— was trimmed with evergreens and brilliantly lighted in commemoration of the dawning of the Light of the World, nearly two thousand years ago. The church was filled with an expectant crowd, for beside the usual Christmas services there was to be a Christmas carol, and the wonderful little singer, the granddaughter of Mr. Lathrop, was to sing the solo.

Very sweet and tender was the child voice, as she sung of the mission of the Christ child, and a little back among the crowded seats, a all bearded stranger, sat intently regarding the singer. The blue eyes and golden hair were somehow strangely familiar, yet where had he seen them? Just as the full rich notes of the solo ceased, the blue eyes rested full upon his face and a glad light sparkled in their depths. A moment later, and the singer was nestling by his side.

"You are the good man that gave me Angela, my darling, and the pretty shoes and mittens. You must let my mamma thank you," she whispered.

Then he remembered the pretty tableau at Mapleton, and the present about which he had endured a merciless amount of chaffing. But the last anthem was sung, the benediction pronounced, and a gray-haired man, with a sweet-faced old lady upon his arm, came forward.

"Nellie, child," said the old man.

"Oh, grandpa, this is the Christmas man, the man who gave me Angela, and the pretty red mittens; and this is my mamma, mister," and the child stepped back as a fair faced lady, clad in mourning, advanced and gave him her hand.

"Permit me to thank you, sir, you gave my little Nell a joy which is as fresh to-day as two years ago, and you were indeed a friend in trouble. My name is Lane, and this is my father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Lathrop."

"And I am Wells Howard, and most happy to meet you all, especially my little golden-haired friend," he answered, shaking hands all around.

"Won't you come home and see Angela?" said little Nell artlessly, and she did not at all comprehend why they all should laugh, especially as grandpa Lathrop warmly seconded her invitation.

The gossips of Mapleton had plenty of business for the next few months, and at last it was fully understood that Wells Howard had purchased a house in D., and that he was to marry a young widow of that place. Only the few most closely interested knew the whole story, though Nellie says, thoughtfully, to her tall friend:

"Isn't it nice and queer that you are to be my own papa, and that dear Angela has found her true home at last?"

History of Santa Claus.

The history of Santa Claus—a curious mixture of truth and fable—goes far back into the ancient time. Centuries ago a child was born in Asia Minor who received the name of Nicholas. His parents were wealthy and of high rank, and desiring to express their gratitude to God for the birth of their son, they resolved to educate him for the Christian priesthood. The child was sober and thoughtful, and while yet young both his parents died and he inherited their great wealth. He considered the riches a sacred trust; he fed the hungry, he clothed the destitute, and performed all kinds of good deeds as secretly as possible. As a priest he was greatly beloved; as a bishop he continued his benevolence. After his death the church canonized him and he became one of the greatest patron saints, being revered as the help of the poor, the protector of the weak, and as the especial patron saint of little children, who were taught to believe that their good gifts came from him. St. Nicholas was the name given him by the monks, and this was familiarly changed to Santa Nic'laus, and finally clipped down to Santa 'Claus, who is still represented as retaining his old habits of secret benevolence and coming down the chimneys at night, laden with Christmas presents for children. A pleasant fiction it is to them, under the cover of which that charming secrecy concerning the donors of gifts is kept up, though little eyes and ears and minds are keen, and Santa Claus is usually very well known to them as a much more modern personage than old St. Nicholas. But the children enjoy the harmless pretence, the mysterious filling of stockings and the heavily laden Christmas tree.

Eva's Best Christmas.

How a Discontented Little Girl Discovered the Source of True Happiness.

'Oh, dear,' sighed Eva Phelps, as she leaned against her mother's chair, and gazed disconsolately out of the window at the flying snowflakes, 'I am tired of playing, and I don't know what to do. Mamma, what can I do? I have tried most everything.'

'Why, my daughter,' responded the patient mother, 'that is a strange question to ask, surely. Haven't you any number of toys, books and games with which to amuse yourself? Where is the doll your uncle gave you? the one that opens and shuts its eyes, you know.'

'I've played with that, an' one eye's stuck an' it won't cry, an'—an'—'

'An' what?' said the mother, smiling at her little daughter's woe-begone face.

'An'—oh, I don't know.'

'Well, I know one thing, Eva, and that is you have a great habit of saying 'an'' for 'and,' and 'don'' for 'don't'; can you not correct yourself, my dear?'

'Mamma, you are *always* telling me about things, an'—and, I mean, it is so hard to remember them all,' said the little girl, looking up at the kind face above her with a laugh and a whine.

'Do not whine, my dear, leave that to Carlo. Why do you not go in to see the tree; I am sure you did not half look at it this morning. Just think; that little tree came all the way from Maine, just to hold your presents for you, and now you never give it a look. What do you suppose the poor evergreen would say, if it could speak, of the cold welcome you gave it?'

'Oh, now you're plaguing me, mamma-a-a,' drawled the little girl, sprawling out suspended by one arm of her mother's chair, and squinting with one eye at the line made by the curtain against the outside light.'

'Plaguing you? How is that?'

'You're always telling me that trees and posts and things are looking at me, and talking about me to each other, and laughing at me in their sleeves, when they can't talk or see anything at all; can they, mamma?'

'No, my child,' responed her mother, absently.

She felt neglected, did this little girl with everything that wealth could bring at her command. Neglected, was it? No that was hardly it. What could it have been, then that caused her to wander about in this aimless, discontented fashion. The truth was Eva, like a good many children, was a little spoiled; she had never been deprived of anything, consequently she did not know how to enjoy her blessings.

'If you plaze, mum, there a poor woman as is down below, an' shure she's bitter cold, an' I let her warm herself a bit,' said Kate, entering the room.

Very well, Kate; I will go down. I have some clothes for her, if she is worthy,' said Mrs. Phelps.

'Mamma, may I go down, too?' said Eva, now interested. Of course her mother consented.

It did not take long to get the little girl's warm sympathies enlisted in favor of the shivering creature and those two wee children she said she had at home.

A basket containing many good things, both to eat and wear, was soon prepared with which Mrs. Finn, for such was the woman's name, went on her way rejoicing, and that very evening Eva and her mother drove to the house designated by Mrs. Finn as her home. It is dismal and tumble-down, while the room into which they are ushered is devoid of a fire and cold and cheerless. The hearty welcome they receive, however, more than makes up for the character of the surroundings. Two little girls, about Eva's age, approach and greet her warmly, praising her generosity with tears in their eyes. Eva is a little disconcerted, for she does not feel deserving of the compliments showered upon her. The Finn girls were, as had been said, nearly of the same age as their young benefactress, but they are pinched and wan, and much smaller.

It was a happy Christmas for the Finns, and as for Eva, she vowed that night, as she tumbled into her warm bed, that she felt too jolly for anything, and this was the very best Christmas she had ever spent.

'And do you know why,' asked her mother, bending over her.

'No, mamma; why?' said the little girl.

'Because you have to-day discovered the source of true happiness; namely, doing good.'

And her mother was right, for while Eva knew well the transient pleasure of receiving, she had never before experienced the true, the lasting pleasure of giving.

Providing for Contigencies.

A boy about ten years old, with a bootblack's kit on his arm, yesterday winked to a lad about three year's older to come into the alley behind the post-office, and when he had him there he said:

'I want you to give me a little advice.'

'That's me. What is it?'

'I'm thinking of buying mother a Christmas present.'

'I see. What kind of a mother is she?'

'Oh, purty fair.'

'Ever lick ye?'

'Once in a while; but I guess I needed it.'

'Ever sneak up and go through your pockets after you git to bed?'

'No.'

'Jaw around when she has to find your hat or boots?'

'Not much.'

'Well, now, you look a-here. I'm older'n you are, and have had three mothers to your one. They can't allus be depended on. I've known 'em to be as slick as grease for three or four days, and then all to once they'd snatch you bald-headed. You must kinder consider these things in buying a present.'

'What shall I git? I'm thinking of a pair of shears, or a wash-basket, or a silver thimble, or some such a thing.'

'Don't git nuthin' of the sort. You'd feel purty flat to go and pay a dollar for a work-basket, and then have her cuff you up to a peak jist the day before Christmas, wouldn't you! That's the trouble, you see, you've got to purtect yourself and give a present at the same time.'

'How do you do?'

'I never buy nuthin', but you go and get a pound of candy. Give me four sticks and hide the rest under the house. If she keeps good up to Christmas you kin put it in her stocking and she'll be sure to give you back half of it. If she goes to knocking things around you've got suthin' that you kin realize on. You ain't stuck as on a basket or hardware or suthin that's no good to a boy. Candy is allus worth its face value, and what you can't eat you kin use in biring the big boys not to lick ye.'

'I guess I'll do it.'

'Of course you will. Tell ye, Jim, there's nuthin' like planniu' a little. Every Christmas I give my father six hard-biled eggs, and as he hates 'em like pizen, he pats me on the head for my goodness and hands me back every blessed one!' — *Detroit Free Press.*

THE NEW YEAR.

A New Year's greeting: Happiness to all!
How sweet the words that fall upon the ear
Like birds' notes when among the blossoms they call
Each other in the spring-time of the year!
The words of friends, and others still more dear,
Fall on the heart this morn as summer's dew,
And, freshening it, new blossoms appear
Within Affection's bower, we never knew
Until this loving greeting brought them into view.

Another New Year comes to all this day,
And every bosom with emotion swells,
And on the face the smile that, like a ray
Of sunlight beams, or quiet gladness tells
Of that rare peace which in the pure heart dwells,
And crowns its being with a bliss supreme.
Oh, Joy! how full thy yet unfathomed wells!
How sweet the draught! how bright thy water's gleam!
How like Heaven's living springs they to life's vision seem!

Another New Year! while its moments fly,
Be it our aim each passing day
Upright and pure, thrusting all evil by,
And walking firmly in the holy way.
For strength from God let unceasing pray,
That so in all we're called to do, no fear
May rise to turn our trusting hearts astray
From that bright clime, whose splendors shall appear
When we have entered Life's unending, glad New Year!

THE ANGELS' SONG.

Rev. Robert Collyer Considers Christmas as a Time of Peace and Goodwill.

When I find myself that sort of a man that I call a liberal Christian, said the preacher, it will be as easy to me as laughter is to little children on Christmas morning to summon up in my heart the blessings of peace, to exercise a perfect good will toward all the world. When Christmastide comes around every year I look back to a Christmas long ago—so long ago that it almost seems to have been another life—when I was casting my eyes across the Atlantic in search of a new home. I could not tell then whether I would find a palace or a poorhouse. I have found a palace; but I can put all the egotism aside and say that it is all due to the blessing and goodness of God and the love of Him that I kept in my heart. But I hold it true, as has been said, that according to the love we show for our fellow beings so strong is the love of God within us, and I know that loving those who love me and doing good to those who do good to me is no standard to measure my love for God by. "Love your enemies." There is the great standard, that is the great principle. Yet it is the one stumbling block that I find it hard to get over, though I say it 365 times a year. I find it hard not to hate the man that I know hates me. Everything in me revolts against it. "I can't be better than God," I say to myself, and when some one says, "Toss your heart over to God and all the rest will follow," I don't find the solution so easy. Perhaps I can't just toss my heart over.

But when Christmas time comes and I see the child in the manger, when I see all the workings of the divine love, I say to myself, surely God can't love one man and hate another, and what a poor thing my heart is that I cannot mold it after His. Then I say it is time to make some effort. The divine love for man is like the highest note in the melody some surpassing singer reaches when the Academy down there shakes with the thunder of applause. I am a humbler voice, indeed; but must I not strive, encouraged by that great example, to reach some higher note than I have ever touched before in the song which the angels sing of goodwill and peace—peace and goodwill throughout the universe?

If I can't love the man or woman who has done me deadly injury, let me at least be sure I do not hate them. Let me keep in view the possibility that I may some day love them; let me be sure that I will help them if they need it. This universal demand for love and peace is not of Thanksgiving but of Christmas. Our Thanksgiving is founded on Plymouth Rock, but Christmas stands on the Rock of Ages. When I bless the children of friends, even though they be a thousand miles away, they shine out to me like stars. I get more than I give, and the best giving is when I expect no return. I used long ago to know a house mother who always did her housecleaning just before Christmas. She didn't care for the rest of the year, but all should be clean and bright for Christmas. Her custom may serve me as a parable. I say to you that you should brighten the windows of your soul at this holy time so that love and grace may be seen shining out through them. You should make your heart clean and pure, just as she did her hearth, and welcome to it all mankind, as she did singers who came to sing the carols of Christmas morning, while the fire lit up the whole place with its warmth and genial glow.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

—For the choicest selection of Scrap Pictures call at the JOURNAL STORE.

—Call at the JOURNAL Store for choice Cards and Pictures.

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The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25TH, 1884.

Published by R. A. BUMILLER.

Lodge & Society Directory.

Millheim Lodge, No. 955, I. O. O. F. meet in their hall, Penn Street, every Saturday evening. **Rebecca Degree Meeting** every Thursday on or before the full moon of each month.
C. W. HARTMAN, Sec. E. O. MAUCK, N. G.
The Millheim B. & L. Association meets in the Penn street school house on the evening of the second Monday of each month.
A. WALTER, Sec. D. L. ZERBY, Prest.
The Millheim Cornet Band meets in the Town Hall on Monday and Thursday evenings.
H. J. KURZENKNABE, Sec. SAM. WEISER, Pres.

WITH this issue we complete the fifty-eighth volume of the JOURNAL. Since we took exclusive charge of the paper last April we have been trying to give our readers a newsy local paper and to satisfy our many customers for job work and advertising. We sincerely thank them all for their kind support and when we bring out our first issue of the fifty-ninth volume we promise to make the beginning of another year's lively journalism. We earnestly request the future co-operation of our patrons and the good will of our readers, giving them in return the assurance of our untiring efforts and labor to please them all.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Amid all the festivals which shine in the calendar of man's devotion there is none so radiant with holy joy and gladness as the Feast of the Naviety. Christmas that "comes but once a year" has come to us. The time-honored holiday, when age, smiling on the infant at its knee, renews in memory its own youth, revels in the joy which grasps the present and believes in the future, and when Middle Age forgets the burdens and heat of the day in its sympathy with the repose of the one and the glad energy of the other.

How full of associations is the recurrence of this great Christian holiday. How many on this continent will have their tenderest sensibilities aroused in memory of those far-away Christmas times, in far-away lands, when there came on the eve of the Nativity those musical "waits," waking you out of the dreams of heaven with the notes of strayed angels, and on the day of Christmas ushering you into church which was bowery, like the spring with its ample vegetation, and warm, like the radiancy of a great joy. There, amid boughs, which recalled the most poetical of the Jewish celebrations—the Feast of the Tabernacles—was commemorated the tabernacling in flesh of Him whose advent was to the dreary life of the world what spring is to the year. And the public devotions of the holy day over, with winter and with Christmas came, in the circle of home, the generous fare of the Christmas season, the warm interchange of kindly feeling and family lovingness.

Many will indulge in the luxury of grief; the looking back with sad memories to the old Christmas times in the old lands. But here there are compensations in the present. New families have grown up and new circles extended and new homes with all the associations of the old formed. Houses are decked with evergreen, fires are blazing bravely, merry groupes are meeting, and high up in the steeples bells will wag and waver and shout with a mighty voice a welcome to the festival.

Christmas has come. It is bleak December without, but there is the warmth of atmosphere, as well as the warmth of heart. It is a pleasant time indeed for those with whom the world has delt kindly. Light, warmth, laughter, loved companies of old times; and wine and wassail, are with them at the feast. If they are not happy and comfortable it is not anybody's fault but their own. For them Christmas is a pleasant time not easily or willingly forgotten. They watch for it all the year, and when it comes they give it a good grip for old acquaintance sake.

But, alas! there is a reverse to the medal. To-day in this land of Charities how many thousands are there to whom the advent of this festival is but an intensification of misery. In cold and cheerless garrets, in foil and fetid tenement hovels, with scant clothing and still scanter food, there are squalid wretches cowering over some half-heated stove or expiring ember, thinking bitterly of the days when they too welcomed Christmas and participated in its enjoyment; days when they entered with young and happy hearts into the spirit of the munificence of Santa Claus and waited to welcome or came to be welcomed at the profuse and hospitable board.

What gift more acceptable to the Saviour than that out of the abundance with which we are blessed, we shall give even a little to make the day of His festival a day of festivity to his poor also—and "the poor we have always with us?" Christmas time is indeed the time for generosity. It is pre-eminently the holiday of the year, a time of charity, a time of the meeting of absent friends, of the making up of old quarrels, the cementing of old friendships, the opening of closed hearts and closed purses, the shining of bright eyes, the making of love and the creating of happiness—a time but for the annual recurrence of which the lives of many would be an determinable journey across a desert with no oasis in the path, no Canaan but beyound the grave.

We wish to all a happy and a merry Christmas.

The general condition of business throughout the United States, according to accounts appearing in the larger daily papers, is still not rosy; yet with all the dullness there remains the one noticable fact, that at several important business places the feeling is of a more confident and assured nature and that the manufacturer, merchant and mechanic looks with renewed hopes towards the new year.

Cleveland is the fourth president from the state of New York. Only one of the other three was actually elected to the office—Martin Van Buren. Arthur and Fillmore were only elected Vice-Presidents, but were called upon to fill the vacated chairs of their dead predecessors—Taylor and Garfield.

Blaine withdraws his libel suit against the Indiana *Sentinel*, claiming that he could never get justice in such a democratic state, and expresses astonishment that a private matter like that could have been drawn into the political contest. He ought to be the last man to show surprise at that; why, he fairly supported the liberal spreading of his opponents, *possible* flaws. Well, the *Sentinel* story seemed to be more effective anyhow in Indiana, than the BALL story in New York, and Blaine likely thinks there is no use *bawling* about spilt milk.

The Silver Dollar Nuisance

Nothing could more aptly illustrate the incompetency of republican statesmanship than the present agitation of the silver question in congress. It shows that during all the long period that the party has controlled the legislation and administered the laws of the government it has been unequal to the task imposed on it.

In the matter of financial legislation the republican party has been peculiarly lame. It has been on one side and the other alternately of every question. Having created the greenback it in turn dishonored it. Having invented the trade dollar it subsequently repudiated it, and is now divided and distracted on the question of retiring the small bank notes in order to promote the forced circulation of a short-weight silver coin. It has been demonstrated that the silver dollar will not be accepted in the channels of business as a medium of making exchanges. But it is doubtful if that was the object that guided congress in created the law that has since caused so much tinkering to remedy its defects. The coinage of silver dollars has creating a profitable market for the products of the bonanza mines, the profits from which market have carried a good many inferior men into high official stations. It is just probable therefore that the law fulfilled its mission, and measures looking to its repeal might therefore be regarded as timely and in order.—*Patriot.*

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 23 1884.

The House last Wednesday unceremoniously hustled *Mr.* Cullom's Inter State bill to one side and substituted Mr. Reagan's bill on the same subject, which had already been reported favorably from the committee. In order to kill this bill, however, the Republicans after securing pledgers from enough Democrats to support them, loaded the bill with amendments which they knew that the Senate could never concur in although the majority of that body might be expected to ring in the everlasting Senegambian whenever there is an opportunity. One of these amendments provides that no distinction shall be made by a railroad company in the conveyance of passengers by reason of race or color, and the other restricts all companies in passenger rates to three cents per mile whether the distance be long or short. The idea of Cullom's bill is taken from the Illinoise railroad law, out of which has arisen more litigation, and the indefinite provisions of which have called for more judicial determination, than any statute that has been enacted in modern times. It was a law passed by the Illinois Legislature at a time when a lot of cranks had control of that body, and the whole power of the State has been invoked and found powerless to enforce it.

The outlook for the conviction of General Swaim is not so encouraging as it ought to be. I should think that an ordinary court martial would hardly need any stronger proof of guilt than the miserable pettyfogging that has characterized the defence from the outset. When Swaim was first brought face to face with these charges, he declined the interference of a military commission was ordered by the Secretary of War and found a basis for the charges, he resisted the court martial that the President was compelled to order to try him, and here he has interposed every possible obstacle in the shape of demurrers, rubuttals, surrebuttals, and what not until his counsel have succeeded in getting the court into confusion worse confounded. Swaim however, should be hustled out of the army anyhow, on general principles.

The invasion of Washington by the expectant office-holders has already commenced, even after Mr. Cleveland has taken twenty thousand of them by the hand at Albany. The hotels are already more than full and all the morning and evening trains bring its additional population to make up the half million people who will be here on the twenty-second day of February to stay until the inauguration and as much longer as they can. Fifty representative citizens of Washington, without regard to party affilatons, have been selected as a committee to get up an appropriate as well as an elaborate programme of ceremonies for Mr. Cleveland's inaugural. Apropo of the twenty dollar pair of boots that a Wytheville, Va., cobbler proposed to present to the President-elect, but which the latter insisted upon paying for, reminds me of the fact that Mr. Perry Davis is the originator of the celebrated "Pain Killer," made and presented to Andrew Jackson the pair of boots that the General stood in when he was inaugurated on the fourth of March, 1829. Davis studied out his formula for the Pain Killer while at the cordwainer's bench in Fall River, Mass. and from it left a fortune equal to the deserts of a patent medicine man. In this case of boot presentation, the thought never entered Davis' head that Jackson would give him an office, nor did Jackson entertain the least idea of giving him one, and he didn't. However, in these more degenerate days it was better that Mr. Cleveland should pay for his boots just as every man does, only he should insist upon not being particularly marked for a victim of extortion. PHONO.

Chronic Dysentery.

Mr. James Brannan, Second avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa., writes: "For two years I have been constantly troubled with a chronic diarrhœa, or dysentery, having had, on an average, from twenty to twenty-five passages every twenty-four hours, and every one bloody. I had thoroughly tried all the prominent physicians in Pittsburgh, was twice in the West Penn Hospital, the first time thirteen weeks, and though I left it much better, yet in five days I was as bad as ever. I then tried two other great doctors in this city, and one of them finally assured me I was not long for this world, and advised me to write to my friends about it. I next went to Dr. Hartman, without the least confidence that he could do anything for me. He examined me, smiled, and said, he could stop the bloody discharges in less than two weeks, which he did with PERUNA, and I have now been entirely well for several weeks, and never felt better in my life, though I am still taking his PERUNA. I will take it whenever I need medicine.

Mr. Patrick Burns, Pittsburgh, writes: "I have suffered intensely from piles and chronic diarrhœa. I was treated by five of the best physicians and surgeons in the city of Pittsburgh, and with all grew constantly worse. Finally three of them said my only hope was an operation. This frightened me, and I went immediately to Dr. Hartman, who has entirely cured me with PERUNA. I have been at work now for three months, and never in my life felt better. Call and see me at corner of Twenty-seventh and Mulberry streets, Twelfth ward, Pittsburgh."

Mr. Patrick Cunningham, S. S., near Sidney street, Pittsburgh, Pa., writes: "For five years I have suffered inexpressibly from internal and external piles. I have tried the best physicians of Pittsburgh and Allegheny without relief. I went to Dr. Hartman, who cured me without detention from work with PERUNA."

Charles Frank, of Emrichville, Jefferson county, Ohio, writes: "I had piles and fistula in ano for four years. I had suffered constantly with a discharge of matter from the parts, and sometimes from the contents of the bowels through it. I could not have borne it much longer. I had heard so much of the ill effects of a knife operation that I resolved to go to Dr. Hartman. He ridiculed the silly idea of cutting it, and at once performed his own original operation without the knife, and without pain. I am thoroughly cured, though of course I took PERUNA."

1885.

The Philadelphia Times.

Aims to cover the whole field of progressive journalism. No subject is too great for it to discuss intelligently without bias, and none so insignificant as to escape its notice. It lays the world tributary to its wants, and everywhere its agents may be found alert to gather the particulars of all passing events and send them by telegraph up to the last moment of going to press. It is a brief and abstract chronicle of the time and contains all that is worth knowing in the history of the world for the past twenty-four hours.

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LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.—By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Centre county, the undersigned, executor of the estate of Jacob W. Stover, late of Haines township, deceased, will sell on the premises, on

TUESDAY, JANUARY 13TH, 1885, at 10 o'clock, a. m., the following described realy estate:

No 1. A tract of timberland in Haines township, county aforesaid, bounded on the north by lands of Geo. B. Stover and others, on the east by lands of John Zeigler's estate, on the south by lands of Samuel M. Motz and Sam Yearick, and on the west by land of Samuel Yearick, containing SIXTY ACRES, more or less.

No 2. A tract of farm land in Haines township, county aforesaid, bounded on the north by lands of John Homan, Benj. B. Stover, John Y. Stover, and Em'l. Wetzel, on the east by lands of Mrs Lydia Moyer, on the south by lands of Cornelius Bower and Michael Frank and on the west by lands of Michael Frank and Daniel Wolf, containing ONE HUNDRED and FIFTY-TWO ACRES, more or less.

About TWELVE ACRES are Timberland, covered with heavy oak, and situate convenient to the premises.

Thereon erected a two story dwelling house, Bank Barn, Stable and other outbuildings. Also a two story tenant House.

TERMS OF SALE.—Ten per cent. of purchase money to be paid on day of sale, one third on confirmation of sale and balance in two equal annual payments, with interest to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

T. D. STOVER,
Executor.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Miss Carlina Coble, late of Millheim borough, deceased, having been granted to the subscribers, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them duly proven for settlement.

JACOB GOBBLE,
B. F. FRANKENBERGER,
46 6t Administrators.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Elizabeth Alexander, late of Millheim Borough, Centre Co., Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payments, and all having claims against the same to present them duly proven for settlement.

C. ALEXANDER, } Executors.
48-6t A. K. ALEXANDER, }

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Isaac Bohn, late of Haines township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly proven for settlement.

HENRY BEHM,
4-6t JEREMIAH WINKLEBLECH,
Administrators.

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—ALWAYS ON HAND.—

Best Stock of QUEENSWARE in the county.

BOOTS & SHOES, gum and leather, all prices.

—SPECIAL—ATTENTION—GIVEN—TO—

Gents' OVERCOATS and Ready-made CLOTHING
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BEST N. O. BAKING MOLASSES.

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Wedding Gifts and Holiday Goods

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Now we extend a cordial invitation to all to come and derive the benefits of the bargains at our store on Main Street.

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The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25TH, 1884.

Published by R. A. BUMILLER.

Notice that to make a proper selection of Holiday Gifts you must see for yourself and try to find the right place. We invite you to visit the

Journal Store

on Penn street during this holiday season where you will find a line of

Holiday Goods,

conspicious for beauty and variety The following are a few of the many articles suitable for presents and kept on hand at our place:

Latest styles of Ladies' Leather Satchels, Velvet Cabinet Frames, Autograph & Photograph Albums, Fancy Shell Boxes, Fine ot of Scrap Pictures, Holiday Cards, Toy Books, &c. &c.

LANCA TER ALAMANACS.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

—Our Christmas Gift ? !

—Now is the time to practice writing 1885.

—Well, this is a white Christmas, and we are glad of it.

—Help the poor and those who are not in a condition to help themselves.

—A great number of people around here are suffering with a cold just now.

—The jumper and bob sled areon the road and the sleigh bells jingle merrily.

—Mr. Simon King, of Lock Haven, is at present visiting his mother at this place.

—The Lutheran Sunday school reelected their whole board of present officers.

—Several of our skaters tried the ice and steel instead of the rink and rollers last week.

—Have you thought of any poor little waives that may be shoeless or stockingless ? If so bring quick relief.

—Our public schools are closed for a two week's holiday vacation and our teachers are attending the institute at Bellefonte.

—Many of our citizens stored away some fine ice last week The cakes we seen were from 5 to 6 inches thick, and were cut on the old dam.

—The programme of the Christmas entertainment to be held in the Lutheran church this evening at 7 o'clock, is a very attractive one. Come.

—One of the best things to do with the beginning of the year 1885, is to subscribe for the JOURNAL. Only one dollar per year. Tell your neighbors.

—Granulated Sugar—7 cents per pd —so says the *Cash system.*

Dinges, Trumpfheller & Co., Coburn, Pa.

—Many a one could be seen hurrying towards their homes in the last few days, burdened with the tree that has so much significance to the little folks.

—Come to the Lutheran church tonight and spend a real pleasant evening. The exercises are of such a nature that everybody will be entertained

—Winter has made itself felt in the last week, by some bitter cold days and heavy falls of snow. The fellow, who predicted a mild winter can take a backseat now.

—The young folks of the Lutheran S. school of this place who were collecting money for the Lutheran church at Centre Hall, succeeded in raising over $12.00. Right good.

—The card of Geo. Springer, our young barber, appears in another column. George runs a nice, clean and orderly shop, and fully deserves the patronage of the public.

—On and after December 26th, 1884, our terms will be strictly cash and prices will go down.

Dinges, Trumpfheller & Co., Coburn, Pa.

—Miss Mary Straw left for Altoona this week, with the intention of spending several months there. She made sure of the JOURNAL before she left, and she certainly did wisely.

—SOME remarkable cures in this vicinity, of long continued and obstinate disease, are attributed to McDonald's Blood Purifier.

Sold by J. Eisenhuth, Millheim, Pa.

—Our Evangelical friends put up a a street lamp between their new churchbuilding and Hartman's foundry in order to light the way back to the old church.

—Prof. Wm T. Meyer and wife, of Shamokin, are at Aaronsburg to spend the holidays at the parental hearth. He gave us a pleasant call and informed us that he and Mr. C. Weaver have disposed of their interest in the store business at Shamokin and that Mr. Weaver expects to locate in this neighborhood again.

—The *Cash* system knocks 45 cent syrup down to 38 cts. per gallon and those desirable 6½ cent Dress Goods to 5 cts. per yard.

Dinges, Trumpfheller & Co., Coburn, Pa.

—John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, says he finds it profitable to spend $250,000, in advertising. Lots of business men not over a hundred miles from this place say advertising dosen't pay.

—Notwithstanding the intense cold the slaters kept at work steadily on the roof of the Evangelical church last week and got the entire southern side covered. They are at work on the northern side now.

—QUERY—Why do so many persons go away from and pass so many other stores and go to Dinges, Trumpfheller & Co ?

ANSWER—Because they know just where to go to get bargains.

—The church bells of innumerable sects are all chime bells to-day, ringing in sweet accordance throughout many lands, and awaking a great joy in the heart of our common humanity —Chapin.

NOTICE.—The property on Main street, Millheim, Pa. at present occupied by Mrs. A. J Albright, can be bought or rented at any time. Apply to Wm. WALKER, owner, or J. H. REIFSNYDER, J. P.

—The Philipsburg *Journal* with its new heading and pink dress looks as fresh and rosy, as a fair maiden in her teens. And its contents are as good as its looks, it being one of our sprightliest and most welcome exchanges.

—Thirteen new members were admitted into the Lutheran church at this place last Sunday evening. Rev. Finkel of the Hartleton charge on this occasion preached a fine and elevating sermon. At the same time the baptism of an infant took place.

—YOUR tooth is too sound to be extracted, yet you cannot endure the agony it is inflicting. Your only recourse is a bottle of Zingari Toothache Drops. Relief certain, and only costs 15 cents.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO., Philadelphia Agents.

Sold by J. Eisenhuth, Millheim, Pa.

—As customary there will be no paper issued from this office next week, to give the hands an opportunity to enjoy the holidays. Our next issue will reach our readers in the year 1885 and will be as fresh and newsy as we can possibly make it after the short rest. Until then we heartily wish our readers a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

—The band seemed to wake from its long nap last Saturday evening, when they discoursed some lively music at the roller rink, which was greatly enjoyed by the skaters and all others present. On account of the severe weather many were prevented from attending the rink. The managers will engage the band again for next Saturday evening, and everybody is invited to come.

—SOMETHING more or less than five thousand different liver pills are on the market. Some good, some indifferent, many bad and worthless. Life is too short to try them all, so if you want to be absolutely sure you are right get McDonald's Improved Liver Pills, and if you are not satisfied with the amount of benefit received you get your money back.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO., Philadelphia Agents.

Sold by J. Eisenhuth, Millheim, Pa.

—The other day we had occasion to call at D. I. Brown's stove and tinshop on some business and a real agreeable sight met our eyes. He has his establishment filled with the finest lot of Heaters, Coal Stoves, Parlor Stoves, &c., ever displayed in this town. He is ready to sell them at prices to suit the times and always supplies you with a first-class article in that line. But Dave does not stop there. Next door to the stove department he opened a a nice and tidy oyster saloon which he and his lady conduct in first-class style. In short Dave is one of those fellows, who don't have so much to say but when it comes down to business, he's right there. If you should visit Millheim over the Holidays give him a call. No better place to deal.

—CASH buyers and those having produce to exchange for goods will find the CASH system a decided advantage.

Dinges, Trumpfheller & Co., Coburn, Pa.

—"THE WORLD'S WONDERS, as seen by the Great Tropical and Polar explorers," is the title of a new and valuable book just published by the Historical Publishing Co. Its object is to "place within the reach of all, in one elegant, finely illustrated volume, all the achievements, discoveries, travels, and adentures of the great explorers ; a history of marvellous things on the earth ; of strange countries and races of people ; of curious animals, birds and reptiles ; and the world's great natural phenomena and curiosities." It possesses additional interest in an official history of the late Greely Expedition in search of the North Pole, and is no doubt a book of standard merit and great interest. The publishers claim that it is a complete encyclopedia of exploration, discovery and adventure in all parts of the world, and as such it must possess very great interest for all classes of readers. See advertisement elsewhere.

—Among the legal advertisements our readers will find the Orphans' Court Sale of the estate of Jacob W. Stover, late of Haines township, deceased, by the executor, Mr. T. D. Stover. The sale will take place on the premises of the decedent, Tuesday, January 13th, 1885.

HOLIDAY EXCURSION TICKETS, PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—As has been for years customary, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will place on sale during the Christmas and New Year holidays excursion tickets between all principal points on is main line and the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Potomac Railroad, Northern Central Railway, and West Jersey Railroad. These tickets will be sold on December 23d, 24th, 25th, 30th, and 31st, 1884, and January 1st, 1885, and will be good to return until January 5th, 1885, inclusive. For any additional information inquire at ticket offices of the company.

—Come and reap the benefits of the *Cash System* as it has made havoc among credit system prices.

Dinges, Trumpfheller & Co., Coburn, Pa.

—The following item is taken from an exchange and as it fits right well for this section we let our readers have it :

What good can boys 8 to 18 years learn on the streets after dark ? Let every parent ask himself the question, and then consider the gain that would accrue if he were to invest a few dollars for a library and instruct his boy what kind of reading to spend his time on. Suppose he were to imbibe a taste in the line of history, biography or travel, the whole course of that boy's life might be changed. Instead of a common street loafer he might become known in the higher walks of life.

Observations.

AARONSBURG.

The business at the Penn House is as lively as ever and the hotel is a good place to get a square meal.

Miss Katie Harter has been away on a visit to Union county.

There is a rumor of several weddings to come off in this town in the near future.

Esq. Rote was out on a deer hunt between the two towns and reports bad luck.

Dr. C. S. Musser has returned from Philadelphia where he had been staying for the last three months at Jefferson's Medical College. Glad to see you home again, Doc—and we think some one else is.

Mrs. W. H. Philips has also returned from Philadelphia, where she had been for the last three weeks. Hope the trip has done her much good.

WOODWARD.

Some of our leading business men had better spare their straw hats for this season.

Van had some deer meat last week It only cost him thirty cents per pound.

One of our business men is wishing for some spectacle man to come around so that he could tell the difference between carpet chain and muslin.

The club met up at Milt Duffet's Lime Kiln last week and had a little skirmish, in which Jonas "tune my heart" came out cat bird.

Some of our Nimrods had quite a time at William Waratze's last week trying to shoot a beef, Dame and Wm. shot at the beef twice, every time shooting too high. The beef, infuriated by pain, made for Dame, sending him through a pale fence and chasing John J. up on a tree. Such jobs ought to be done by some one who can shoot.

Rev. Hengst was here and straightened out the difficulty which has hung over our Sunday school like a dark, heavy cloud for the last six months. The *Judas* could not unload his burden as was expected. Well, we are glad the school will move on smoothly now, as it should have done all along.

OBSERVER.

—WANTED—Every man, woman and child, in need of goods, to come and try the *Cash System.*

Dinges, Trumpfheller & Co., Coburn, Pa.

ENTERTAINMENT. — The Green Grove Sunday school will hold an entertainment on Christmas evening, December 25th, 1884. No admission will be charged. A collection will be taken for the benefit of the school Rev. B. Hengst will conduct the exercises and good addresses will be made. This will be the first entertainment ever given by the school and everybody is invited to be present.

—DO NOT crucify the children by compelling them to take the horrible, nauseous compounds usually sold as worm medicines many of them as worth less as they are obnoxious, but get a box of McDonald's Celebrated Worm Powders. Purely vegetable. So easy and pleasant to take that the children will never know a medicine is being administered. You will in addition secure the very best vermifuge possible to produce. So sure are we of this that in all cases of failure to cause expulsion where worms exist we cheerfully agree to refund the purchase price. One Box of McDonald's Worm Powders guaranteed equal to four bottles of any worm syrup.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO., Philadelphia Agents.

Sold by J. Eisenhuth, Millheim, Pa.

Santa Claus

is coming and the BARGAIN STORE is his headquarters.

You must get a Christmas or New Year's Present for your father, your mother, sister, brother, husband, wife, uncle, aunt and lover and you will certainly go to see the grand exhibition of *Christmas* and *New Year Gifts* at D. S. Kauffman and Co's. BARGAIN STORE on Main street, Millheim, Pa. It will delight your hearts to see the latest novelties of the season there and their low prices will suit your pocket books. The following are a few of the many articles, especially suited for the holiday trade :

DOLLS, DOLLS, an endless variety ; TOYS, TOYS, TOYS, too numerous to mention ; SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, splendid assortment and cheap ; PURSES, VASES, SILVER-PLATED WARE, FINE & FANCY GLASS DISHES, &c.

Our JEWELRY DEPARTMENT contains articles of the best selection, such as were never seen in any store in this neighborhood.

FINEST CLEAR TOYS, MIXED, FANCY TOY, BROKEN STICK AND FRENCH CONFECTIONERIES, guaranteed pure SUGAR NUTS, RAISINS, DATES, ORANGES, BANANAS and anything imaginable in the line of sweet meats.

If you want a NICE SUITS OF CLOTHES, FINE HAT, FUR CAP, TABLE CLOTH, CASHMERE DRESS, or anything in that line we can supply you at lower prices than any other store.

And now wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, we kindly invite you, to come and see our immense stock of Holiday Goods. Before you purchase elsewhere, come to us, and we are sure we can save you money.

Truly Yours,
D. S. KAUFFMAN & Co

—IT IS in order now for every manufacturer to praise and extol the virtues of his cough medicine, and claim it ever so much better than any other. On square business principles the proprietor of Dr. Kessler's Celebrated Cough Medicine says if you are not satisfied with the relief and benefit obtained, if you do not consider it well worth the price paid for it then take the empty bottle to your dealer and get your money.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO., Philadelphia Agents.

Sold by J. Eisenhuth, Millheim, Pa.

Oysters ! Oysters ! ! Oysters ! ! !— D. I. Brown has opened his oyster saloon, next door to his tinshop on Main street, and would respectfully inform the public that he is ready at all times to furnish them with fresh oysters, prepared to suit the tastes of his customers. The tables are constantly filled with the delicacies belonging to a complete oyster meal. Give him a call and be assured of the best accomodations. Do not forget the place—opposite Kauffman's store, Main street, Millheim, Pa.

Penn Hall Shavings.

A merry Christmas and Happy New Year to you all.

Mr. Chas. Rooker hasleft for Muncy where he wants to help get away with a Christmas turkey.

John Condo has two Guinea pigs and real nice pets they are.

Mr. Fred Moyer has bought the Ertle property in town and intends erecting a blacksmith shop thereon. All right, Fred, the more the merrier.

Wm. Pealer has returned from Philadelphia whither he had gone to purchase a fine stock of goods and is now ready to show his customers his well selected and fresh line of merchandise in the Duncan store room at Spring Mills. William, try the virtue of the JOURNAL ink and you will be sure to succeed.

Mr. & Mrs. C. W. Wendell are off to Lewisburg to spend the Christmas season. Well, here is my hand, Sandy.

Our overseers are getting quite economical of late ; they refuse to buy the poor paupers their tobacco. Wonder how some of the growlers would feel if they were to abandon the weed.

The felines and canines make night hideous by the howls they send forth in different parts of town.

J. W. Bartges is doing some fancy painting for Mr. J. Alters at Spring Mills.

The steam saw mill under the control of Mr Sheasly, on the Bartges tract, is in full running order and turns out some fine sawing. Well, George is the man for this kind of work.

JACK PLANE.

GEORGE L. SPRINGER,

Fashionable Barber,

Corner Main & North streets, 2nd floor, Millheim, Pa.

Shaving, Haircutting, Shampooning, Dying, &c. done in the most satisfactory manner.

STAFFORD'S EXTRA BLACKING

Gives a MORE BRILLIANT SHINE THAN ANY OTHER.

IN BOXES WHICH PREVENT SOILING THE HANDS.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

S. S. STAFFORD, New York.

ABSOLUTELY !

THE BEST STORE

G. A. HARTER'S

GROCERY

Main St., opposite Bank, Millheim, Pa

Finest Groceries in the market.

Choice Confectioneries !

FRESH OYSTERS !

Best Tobacco and Cigars!

COUNTRY PRODUCE TAKEN AT THE HIGHEST HOME MARKET PRICES!

Call and get Low Pricse!

TERMS CASH !

THE BEST PICTURES! AT BUCK BROS' ART GALLERY!

FAMILY GROUPES AND CHILDREN

—TAKEN BY THE—

INSTANTANEOUS PROCESS !

Satisfactory Work Done by

RAIN OR SHINE!

We furnish everything in our line, from a Miniature Card to a Cabinet Picture.

Pictures copied and enlarged in the best style.

FRAMES

can be procured at our place on short notice.

Remember—our prices are down so as to suit every purse.

Gallery on North St., Millheim, Pa

CATARRH



HAY-FEVER

Many persons in Pittston are using Ely's Cream Balm for catarrh with most satisfactory results A lady is recovering the senses of smell which she had not enjoyed for fifteen years. Mr. Barber has used it in his family and commend it very highly. A Tunkhannock lawyer testifies that he was cured of a partial deafness.—*Pittson, Pa., Gazette.*

Ely's Cream Balm cured me of catarrh —restored my sense of smell For cold in head it works like magic. —E. H. Sherwood, Banker, Elizabeth, N. J.

Give it a trial.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CAUSES NO PAIN. GIVES RELIEF AT ONCE. A THOROUGH TREATMENT WILL CURE. NOT A LIQUID. NOT A SNUFF. APPLY INTO NOSTRILS. Price 50 cents at druggists; 60 cts. by mail registered. Sample bottle by mail 10 cents.

ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

AGENTS for Lucrative, Healthy, Honorable & Permanent business apply to Wilmot Castle & Co., Rochester, N. Y. 49-4t

To Make Life Brighter

The dyspeptic's lot is not a happy one. Benson's Capcine Plasters are the remedy. Price 25 cents. 49-4t

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York. 49-4t

VIRGINIA FARMS

OF EVERY SIZE, PRICE and Description FOR SALE ! Some SPECIAL BARGAINS always on hand. 350 ACRE RIVER FARM, good brick house, near city, $3,500. 200 ACRE FARM, with buildings, near railroad and river. $1,200. Other bargains at higher and lower prices. Catalogue free. New map of Va. 15c. Stamps taken. H. L. STAPLES, Richmond, Va. 49-4t

$200,000 in presents given away. Send us 5 cents postage, and by mail you will get *free* a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the $200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and receive free a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & Co, Augusta, Maine.

CUT THIS OUT!

AGENTS MAKE $15 TO $40 PER WEEK.

We have stores in 15 leading Cities, from which our agents obtain their supplies quickly. Our Factories and Principal Offices are at Erie, Pa. Send for our New Catalogue and terms to agents Address

M. N. LOVELL 913 Spring Garden St. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

A Strictly Cash Store

Where goods are Bought and Sold

---FOR CASH---

Believing that the people of Centre county are fully awake to their best interests and that they have the intelligence to comprehend and the courage to recognize the means best calculated to bring about the most desirable results, we would most confidently and earnestly submit the following for your careful consideration :

That king credit has slain its victims by the thousands upon its extended battle fields is a fact beyond successful contradiction, and we would only ask you to call to your recollections your own observations, in proof of this fact, and, the pitiful appeals of those still under th crushing heel of the tyrant fall upon our ears with unmistable certainty and we would say, come, let us rush to their rescue by wielding the sword of justice and striking the monster down with a decisive blow and keeping him there by eternal vigilance. This can be done only by a system which pays as well as demands CASH on delivery.

This system we will adopt and put into operation on the twenty-sixth day of December 1884, after which we will buy and sell positively for cash and produce only and will name such figures on goods as will fully convince every intelligent person that it is to their interest to buy their goods where KING CREDIT finds no quarter, but where the

CASH SYSTEM

is radically and permanently established and strictly adhered to. Kindly inviting and soliciting the co-operation of every one in giving this system a thorough trial, we are

Very Respectfully Yours,

Dinges, Trumpfheller & Co.,

COBURN, PA.

P. S: Country produce taken in exchange for goods and cash paid when desired.

J. H. KURZENKNABE & SONS'

MUSIC HOUSE,

1307 N. THIRD STREET, HARRISBURG, PA.

BAUS & CO'S

Square Grand Boudoir Gem & Orchestral Upright Grand

PIANOS

The best now made and endorsed by all eminent artists.

ORGANS

The most beautiful and sweetest toned in the world

Smaller Musical Instruments

Organettes, Musical Boxes, Musical Toys, &c.

Sheet Music (including the popular 5 and 10 cent music) Music Book, Strings, &c.

CALL TO SEE US.

Harry J. Kurzenknabe, Millheim Pa.

Agent for Union and Centre Counties.

For the Splendid New Book

AGENTS WANTED THE WORLD'S WONDERS AS SEEN BY THE GREAT Tropical and Polar Explorers,

INCLUDING THE OFFICIAL HISTORY OF THE LATE GREELY EXPEDITION IN SEARCH OF THE NORTH POLE.

All the achievements, discoveries, travels, and adventures of the great explorers, with descriptions of wonderful countries, customs and habits of strange and curious people, animals, birds, and reptiles; the Wonders and great Natural Curiosities of the Tropical and Polar World; a record of marvelous things on the earth, a full history of all the marvelous things on the earth, a full history of all the World's greatest wonders and famous explorations, in one splendid, low-priced, profusely illustrated volume. Embracing in the Tropics all the travels and discoveries of Speke and Grant, Sir Samuel Baker, and wife, Livingstone, Stanley, Du Chaillu, Wallace, Long, Squier, and numerous others; in the Arctic regions, Franklin, Kane, Hayes, Hall, Schwatka, De Long, Greely and many others; forming a complete encyclopedia of Exploration, Discovery and Adventure in all parts of the World, with a history of savage races, strange beasts, birds and reptiles, and great Natural Wonders A book of inestimable value and rapid selling qualities. Nearly 800 quarto pages, over 200 splendid illustrations, low price, *outsells all other books* Agents Wanted, on Salary or Commission. Write for Pictorial circulars and *extra terms.* Address, HISTORICAL PUBLISHING CO., 120 N. 7th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Consult Dr. BUTTS

Dr. Ballarg, BUTTS

In diseases of the Blood, Skin and Bones.—Nervous Debility, Impotency, Organic Weakness, Gonorrhoea, Syphilitic and Mercurial Affections. Scientific treatment; safe and sure remedies. Call or write for list of questions to be answered by those desiring treatment by mail. Persons suffering from rupture should send their address, and learn something to their advantage. It is not a truss. Address Dr. C. J. LaGAUX, Resident Physician in Charge Central Medical and Surgical Dispensary, St. Louis, Mo. Successor to Dr. Butts. Established 35 Years.

A positive Cure for Dandruff, Falling Hair, and all Scalp Diseases

CAPILLARIS

Will give you a luxuriant Head of Hair.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS & PERFUMERS.

T. HILL MANSFIELD, Prop., Portland, Maine.

FAY'S CELEBRATED WATER-PROOF MANILLA ROOFING

Resembles fine leather; for Roofs, Outside Walls, and Inside in place of Plaster. Very strong and durable. Catalogue with testimonials and samples FREE. Established 1866. W. H. FAY & CO., Camden, N. J.

A Pleasant Sight.

Among the blessed observances and customs of Christmas-time, that of gathering the members of the family together is not the least beneficient. To draw together the ties of kindred on one day, at least, of the year—to reknit the family bonds, to revive the sanctities of mother and child, and reunite other diverging relationships—is surely one of the most fitting modes of commemorating the advent of One who, though He came on His Heavenly Father's business, and invited, as He still invites, all men to become His brethren, was none the less dutiful and loying to His earthly parents and relatives.

What more beautiful sight can be imagined than that of a family of three generations, affectionately assembled on the morning of the hallow d day, and entering their village church together—honest country folk mindful of the sacred meaning of Christmas, in thus making attendance at the appointed religious service a prelude to the homely enjoyment and festive merry-making they will afterward share. In their Sunday and holiday best they reverently enter the church porch after the walk from a neighboring farmstead. The little procession is headed by the grandfather and grandmother—a happy touch of reverence for age characteristic of true filial piety. But before these toddles the youngest member of the family—the representative of the third generation. How charming is this mystery of love between the youngest and the oldest—this meeting of extremes! It strengthens the chain, so to speak, that unites our race in one, lest a link should be dropped out; a chain stretched back through countless past generations, but which, for near two thousand years, has been consecrated by the sentiments of the Christmas Festival.

A New Year's Wish.

At midnight on New Year's Eve, an old man stood at the window, and with eoes full of despondency looked up to an immovable, ever-blooming heaven, and out upon the still, pure, white earth, upon which no one was so unhappy, so sleepless as he. His grave was so near him, covered with the snow of age, no longer the green mantle of youth, and he brought out of his whole long life nought but erring, sinfulness and sickness, a wasted body, a desolate soul, a breast full of poison, an old age of sorrow, pain and repentance.

The sweet days of his youth come before him to-night as apparitions and carry him back again to that morning when his father set him upon the perilous highway of life, the ecliptic of virtue, on whose right lay the quiet land of light and harvest, blessed by the angels; on the left the mole-tracks of vice and crime led to the dark pit of dripping poison, darting serpents and black, stifling vapors.

Ah! the serpents hung at his breast, the poison-drops were on his tongue ere he knew where he was.

Senseless, and with his unmutterable grief, he called to heaven: "Give me my youth again! Oh, father! set me again on life's road that I may choose the proper course!"

But his father and his youth had long passed from him. He saw the will-o-the-wisps dancing and sinking in the God's-acre, and cried: 'They are my misspent days!" He saw a star fall from the heavens, and his bleeding heart murmured: "It is I!" And the serpent's teeth sank deeper into the wounds they had made.

In his wild imagination he saw himself flying through the night air, over the roofs of the houses; an old windmill raised its long, gaunt arms as though to strike him down; a shroud in the deserted dead-house took to itself form and shape.

In the midst of the conflict came suddenly the sound of New-Year's music from a turret, like distant church-song, and he was gently moved. He glanced around the horizon and over the wide earth, and he thought of the friends of his youth, of those who were better and happier than he—teachers among men, fathers of happy children, blessed people—and he said, fervently: "Oh, I could, too, like you, slumber with dry eyes if I had but wanted to! Ah, I could be happy, dearest parents, had I heeded your New-Year's wishes and advice!"

Again, in his feverish longing for the return of youth, came the vision of the shroud in the dead-house. He saw the spirit of the new year enter in, and in his superstition saw it take his form, a child.

He could no more. He covered his eyes and the hot tears flowed. He groaned softly, disconsolately: 'Return again, oh, my youth, return again!"

And youth came to him again, for that night he had a wonderful dream. He was still a child; but his erring had been no dream and he thanked God that he was not yet too old to re-enter the ecliptic and choose the road that leads to the Land of Harvest.

Whitmer & Lincoln,

COBURN, PA.

Having leased the GRAIN HOUSE of Smith & Co., at Coburn, Pa., for a number of years, we are prepared to pay cash

FOR

Wheat, Rye, Barley, corn, &c.

Coal, Salt & Fertilizers For Sale.

WHITMER & LINCOLN.

Coburn, Pa., Aug. 1, 1884.

D. I. BROWN,

—DEALER IN—

STOVES,

HEATERS,

RANGES,

TINWARE &c.,

Practical worker in Tin, Sheet Iron, Copper, &c.

☞ Repairing done at short notice by practical workmen.

Spouting a Specialty

Shop on Main St., opposite Kauffman

MILLHEIM, PA.

MILLHEIM

MARBLE WORKS

The Oldest,

The Largest,

The Cheapest,

Most Reliable,

Establishment,

in this par of Pennsylvania.

Monuments,

Tablets

and

Headstones,

manufactured in the most artistic style and of the best material.

All work warranted and put up in the most substantial manner.

☞ *Our prices are so low that it will pay persons in need of marble work to give us a call.*

DEININGER & MUSSER

proprietors

Shops east of Bridge, Main St.,

Millheim, Pa.

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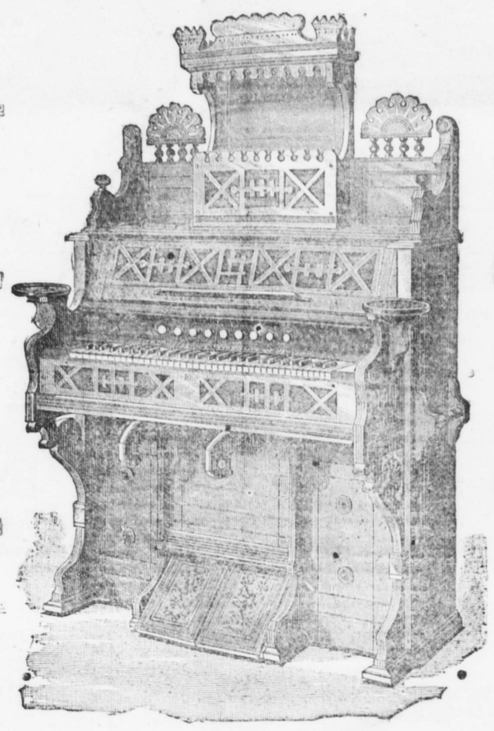
MUSIC STORE.

Estey,

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Organs.

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MACHINES.

Watches, - - - Jewelry, - - - Silverware,

FINE STEEL ENGRAVINGS, OIL PAINTINGS, CHROMOS,

PICTURE FRAMES, PHOTO FRAMES,

Headquarters for Wedding Presents. Holiday Presents. Toys. Dolls. Wagons. Dolls. Carriages. and other goods in this line.

BUNNELL & AIKENS.

DOWNS' ELIXIR.

N. H. DOWNS'

Vegetable Balsamic

ELIXIR

For the cure of

Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, Croup, Asthma, Hoarseness, Influenza, Spitting Blood, Bronchitis, and all diseases of the *Throat, Chest,* and *Lungs.* In all cases where this Elixir is used its efficacy is at once manifested, convincing the most incredulous that

CONSUMPTION

is not incurable, if properly attended to.—At its commencement it is but a slight irritation of the membrane which covers the Lungs; then an inflamation, when the cough is rather dry, local fever, and the pulse more frequent, the cheeks flushed and chill more common. This Elixir in curing the above complaints, operates so as to remove all **morbid irritations** and **inflamation** from the lungs to the surface, and finally expel them from the system. It facilitates expectoration.

It heals the ulcerated surfaces

and relieves the cough and makes the breathing easy. It supports the strength and at the same time reduces the fever. It is free from strong opiate and astringent articles, which are of so drying a nature as to be in great danger of destroying the patient; whereas this medicine never dries or stops the cough, but, by removing the cause, consequently, when the cough is cured the patient is well. Send address for pamphlet giving full directions, free.

Price 35 cts., 50 cts., and $1.00 per bottle.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HENRY, JOHNSON & LORD, Props., Burlington, Vt.

DOWNS' ELIXIR.

For Sale by SPIGELMYER'S

Millheim & Madisonburg, Pa

U.S. STANDARD. JONES OF BINGHAMTON

5 TON WAGON SCALES,

Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass Tare Beam and Beam Box,

$60 and

JONES he pays the freight—Send for Price List mentioning this paper and address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, Binghamton, N. Y.

SANITARIUM, Riverside, Cal. The dry climate cures Asthma, Throat, Lungs, full idea, 36 p., route, cost, free.

MARRIAGE AND HEALTH GUIDE. 200 pgs. Illustrated. All that the doubtful curious or thoughtful want to know, Cloth and gilt binding 50 cts, paper 25c, Marriage Guide, 144 p. 15c, sent sealed, money or stps, by DR. WHITTIER 302 PENN AVE., PITTSBURGH, PA. The great specialist, Nervous Debility, Impediments to Marriage, Consultation and Pamphlet free.

SPECIAL BARGAINS

FOR THE

SPRING TRADE

AT

J. R. SMITH & CO

(LIMITED,)

MILTON, PA.,

Nos. 110, 112 & 114, Front Street,

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